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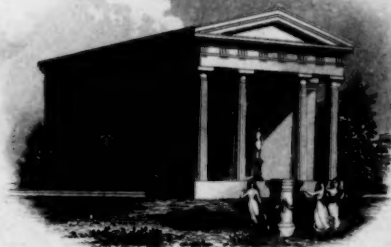
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ἔνθα βούλῃσι μὲν γερόντων καὶ νέων ἀνδρῶν ἀμειλλῆσαι
καὶ ποιεῖν καὶ Μοῖσαν καὶ Ἀγλαΐαν

Conducted

BY THE SENIOR CLASS.

PRINCETON N. J.



THE
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No. I.

THE DUTCH.

There is scarcely any class of men from whom the history of Holland may not claim some share of attention ; and yet, there is scarcely any nation whose history has been so little understood, or so generally neglected ; none perhaps which better deserves the consideration of a thinking mind. To the statesman and philosopher, the Dutch must be interesting as a people, who without equal laws and wise institutions, could hardly have supported a physical, much less a political existence. They must be interesting as a people, who during ages when other nations presented little else than scenes of violence, bloodshed, and oppression, enjoyed, for the most part, entire personal security, and as much civil liberty as was, perhaps, consistent with the public safety. The divine will remember, that the twilight of his protestant faith dawned upon the mind of an Erasmus, and that its meridian splendor shone upon the the spirit of a Gro-tius : that Holland has never spared the arms of her soldiers nor the blood of her martyrs in its defence ; and that the zeal with which she has cherished it, though sometimes kindled into fanaticism, has yet been pure, constant and self-denying.

To such the History of Holland cannot but be a subject of interest ; nor should the idle lover of literature smile with contempt upon a people, simple and uncourtly though they be, who have nursed among them a Vondel and a Rembrandt. But if there be one who loves his country, not for the wealth and honors she can bestow, but because she is herself great and free—who can sympathize with those of his fellow men, who are striving to obtain for their country those blessings which he himself enjoys ; surely the heart of such an one must beat warm within him, as he reads the struggle of a people in behalf of national liberty and political freedom, against the bigoted tyranny of Spain ; a struggle through forty years of suffering, under which the stoicism of Greece would have sunk, of deeds at which the heroism of Rome would have trembled,—maintained by a nation whose spot of earth is so small as scarcely to deserve a place on the maps of Europe, against a kingdom of boundless extent, of gigantic power, whose heart was strong with the blood of her chivalrous nobility, and into whose lap the riches of a new world were pouring. And a throb of joy cannot but respond in the breast of such a patriot, when he beholds the issue of a contest which

“ Mocked the counsel of the wise and the valor of the brave ;”

for once the righteous and feeble cause triumphed ; the haughty foe of Holland shrank cowering before her ; But *she*, freed from the yoke of oppression lifted her proud head from the waves, and stretched her mighty arms to the ends of the earth : the balance of Europe quivered at her nod, while Asia, Africa and America laid their treasures at her feet.

We have no cause to blush for any part of our original descent, and least of all for our Dutch Ancestry. The colony of New Amsterdam, was founded by Holland at a time when that nation had just sprung into political existence, after a long, bloody, and most glorious struggle against civil and religious tyranny, during which all the energies of patriotism, courage and

talents, had been suddenly and splendidly developed. After having beaten and broken down forever the power of the Spanish Monarchy, the Dutch Republic continued, for nearly a century, to hold the balance of European politics with a strong and steady hand ; and when the rest of the continent crouched under the menaces, and the English court was bought by the gold of France, she stood alone and undaunted, defending the liberties of mankind with a perseverance and a self-devotion unsurpassed by any other nation. During the same period she had served the cause of freedom and reason, in another and much more effectual manner, by breaking down the old aristocratical contempt for the mercantile character ; and her merchants, while they amazed the world by an exhibition of the wonderful effects of credit and capital, shamed the poor prejudices of their age out of commonplace by an highminded and punctilious honesty, before which the more lax commercial morality of their degenerate descendants can well stand rebuked. It was about this same remarkable period of her history that Holland produced many of the most illustrious men of modern Europe. There are no greater names in politics and arms than Tromp and De Ruyter, than Prince Maurice and the Williams of Orange ; while the statesmanship of John and Cornelius DeWitt was the admiration of men, and the wonder of courtiers. No names are more conspicuous in letters and philosophy than those of Erasmus, Grotius and Boerhaave. In physical and mathematical science with the single exception of the discoveries of Newton and Galileo, more had been done in Holland than in any other country. In ancient literature the scholars of Holland effected all that learning and industry could accomplish ; while the medical school of Leyden, in the time of Boerhaave and his immediate successors was what that of Edinburg has since become. Her Jurists were the expounders of public and of civil law to the continent, and the theologians of the whole protestant world, entered into the controversies of the Dutch divines, and ranked

themselves, on either side, under the banners of Gomar and Arminius. The same century is fertile in brilliant examples to refute a position frequently held, that the Dutch are destitute of capacity or taste for the arts, sciences and literature. A modern writer, himself a Colossus of literature, has awarded Holland no more than her due, when he pronounces her "the peculiarly learned state of Europe through the seventeenth century." Among the first of the exalted in intellectual attainments and moral excellence, is the place of Herman Boerhaave. This eminent physician naturalist and chemist, owed to the innate force of genius alone, the glorious and prosperous career of life he enjoyed. Seldom indeed has it fallen to the lot of any man to enjoy a reputation more extensive among his contemporaries, or a more certain immortality conferred by the unanimous voice of posterity. From all the nations and courts of Europe, pupils were sent, not only to receive his instructions in science, but to imitate the example of his eminent virtues; and so great was his fame, even in the most distant quarters of the globe, that a mandarin in China wrote to consult him, inscribing his letter, "To the illustrious Boerhaave, physician, in Europe," which letter reached its destination. By his side may be placed, though scarcely his contemporary, Huygens, the discoverer of Saturn's ring, and a third satellite belonging to that planet; the inventor of the micrometer and thermometer, and the perfecter of telescopes. Scarcely less illustrious are the names of De Graaf, Musschenbroeck and Cunaeus as the authors of useful and brilliant discoveries and improvements, in medicine, science and experimental philosophy. The only one engineer of his times, to whom the celebrated Vauban was compelled to yield, was Koehorn, his rival and his equal, who was a native of Friesland, and whose work on fortification is still an handbook among military men.

To enumerate the divines, metaphysicians and moral philosophers of Holland, who have enlightened their countrymen by their deductions, or astonished them by their paradoxes, would

be an endless task. Yet it is not permitted to pass over in entire silence the name of the celebrated Jew of Amsterdam, Benedict Spinoza ; that singular philosopher who, while denying the individuality of the Deity, lived as though every act were under his immediate government ; while rendering good and evil subservient to the fatality of the impulses and passions of men, kept his own within the strictest bounds of decorum ; and, while denying the truth of revelation, was himself exalted to an eminence of moral virtue which only few of the best Christians have been able to attain.

Besides her own illustrious sons, Holland claims a share in the glory of those by adoption, in the Descartes, the Groevius, the Huet and innumerable others, whom the charms of literary association, the facilities afforded for research, the freedom of the press—unembarrassed by patronage, and undisturbed by persecution—attracted to their cities. So long as an author abstained from publishing libels on private character, or anything, offensive to morals or decency, he was allowed to promulgate any opinions, religious, philosophical, or political, he saw fit, the government troubling themselves very little about the matter, and leaving to divines, philosophers and politicians, the task of refuting them. The policy and wisdom of this course are exemplified by the gradual decay of the pernicious doctrines of Spinoza, which, let alone, died out of themselves ; and by the fact that Holland, less than any other country of Europe, was torn by factions, civil and political, by disputes, theological and philosophical, by cavils either of the bar, the council, or the church.

Besides attaining to distinguished excellence in other works of art and taste, Holland could boast of having formed a numerous and original school of painters ; who, for absolute verity of representation, and powerful delineation of ordinary nature and common life, are entitled to the same rank in the imitative arts, that Le Sage, Smollet and Dickens occupy in literature. More

than all this—it had given birth to Rembrandt, who by carrying to its full extent the power of light and shade, and the magic of coloring, produced the most beautiful and sublime effects, and is, on that account, deservedly enrolled among those great masters, who have augmented the power of human skill, and multiplied the means of intellectual pleasure; who have raised painting from imitation into true poetry, from a mechanical art to a learned and liberal profession.

Destitute of the grandeur of conception, the fire, or the spirituality of the Italian, the Dutch school of painting has confined itself chiefly to portraying the ordinary scenes and objects of nature with a liveliness, fidelity and delicacy of finish which leave nothing to be desired. This difference is to be attributed less to the difference in the character of the nations, or the power of their artists, than to the different kinds of patronage under which they flourished. The Italians, painting for churches or for the extensive galleries of princes and nobles, naturally chose subjects of a sacred character, and such as admitted and required boldness of design and freedom of execution; the Dutch artists, excluded by their religion from the wide field of church painting, found their patrons chiefly among the gentry and wealthy merchants, whose apartments were decorated with their works in great abundance; it was necessary, therefore, to choose such subjects as should present a cheerful appearance, not too solemn for daily contemplation, nor too complicated to be readily admired; while the pictures being constantly subjected to close inspection, they were induced to labor for that exquisite finish, correctness of coloring, and smoothness, in which themselves and the Flemish have left the painters of all other nations at an immeasurable distance. Contemporaneous with Rembrandt were Rhyn, Wouvermans, Brouwer and Cuyp; and Gerard Dow, just starting into life, proved himself afterwards not unworthy to be ranked by the side of his illustrious teachers and predecessors.

In the sister art of sculpture, the Dutch were likewise famous in their day ; but they particularly excelled in that branch of the art, which related to monuments for the dead, and images for their churches, the architectural beauty and pure taste of which are justly extolled by Addison in No. 26 of the *Spectator* ; where he remarks, "The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, show an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in our own country." The testimony of such a judge is not to be cavilled at by those who, wearing the disguise of affected knowledge, cannot prevent their ignorance being known on account of the decision which they pretend to have made.

And here, while touching somewhat upon the subject, we will say a few words upon our having imbibed much of the English habit of arrogance and injustice towards the Dutch character.

English writers have long been accustomed to satirize the manners and customs of Holland with a characteristically broad and clumsy exaggeration. Examples could be found too numerous to mention ; one will suffice at present. Dryden and the other dramatists and poets of Charles the Second's reign are full of sarcasm upon Dutch cowardice ; and yet, strange as it may seem, most of those sarcasms were given to the English public about the very time that London was trembling at the sound of De Ruyter's cannon on the Thames, and but a few years after the time, when Tromp after defeating Admiral Blake, the Nelson of that day, triumphantly swept the commerce of England from the narrow seas. The old maritime contests and commercial rivalry, in which they were generally worsted by their despised neighbors, may serve to excuse this misrepresentation in Englishmen ; perhaps their stubbornness of disposition may have something to do with the matter, but for us there is no apology.

Among the many numerous inventions and discoveries, for

which we have to return our thanks to the little republic of the Netherlands, must not be forgotten that of printing. The honor of this invention is, as it is well known, disputed with Mentz by Haarlem. It is not our purpose to enter into this interminable controversy, but merely to observe that, if any share in the merit of a discovery is to be ascribed to him who first presents it in such a state of perfection as to draw the attention of mankind to its beauty or utility, so much is certainly due to Lorenz Koster of Haarlem ; since it was he who gave the first idea of the art by the invention of fixed wooden types, which Faust and Schoeffer afterwards improved by casting the types in metal, and John Guttemberg of Mentz completed, by making them moveable.

At the time when we were contending single-handed against the tyranny and power of England, Holland, though unable to assist us with money and soldiers on account of her drained treasury and inefficient army, looked not on our distress with an un pitying eye. She, herself had just passed through a long and bloody contest for freedom, and she gave us all the help that lay in her power. She assisted us by the tremendous force of her press, her pulpit and her diplomatic agents. Among the most efficient friends of American Independence must be named Professor Luzac of Leyden, who, though held in high esteem by Washington and Adams, is but little known among us. During the Revolutionary war he was in charge of the celebrated Leyden Gazette ; which under his supervision, became equally renowned for the elegance of its style, the accuracy of its information, and for the comprehension, penetration and boldness of its political views. Most of the presses of the continent were then under a most rigid censorship, and had entirely forfeited public confidence on all political subjects. This paper, issuing from a free country, the very centre of political and commercial information, and written in French, the then universal language of continental politicians, acquired a reputation for extent and accu-

rary of knowledge and independence of opinion, which constituted it the general continental and diplomatic journal. There was not an ambassador nor a statesman in Europe, who was not in the habit of reading it; and its files are still frequently referred to as furnishing the most authentic and ample materials of modern European history. Luzac, looking with a sympathising eye upon the cause of suffering humanity, enlisted all his talents and information on the side of American freedom. The effects of his writings on this subject, upon the opinions of the continent, were, of course gradual but they were very powerful; and were acknowledged and repaid by the friendship of Jefferson, Franklin and Adams, as well as of the other official representatives of our government at the several European Courts. Those who wish to know in what high estimation Luzac was held by Washington, may easily accomplish their desire, if they will take the trouble to look into the recent publication of his letters.

Among the moral qualities which distinguished the Dutch of the 16th and 17th centuries, the most remarkable was *honesty*: an homely virtue, and now, politically speaking, fallen into disuse; but none the less real, none the less efficacious under the circumstances, in which they were placed. Of the advantage it proved to them in their pecuniary relations with other states, their history affords sufficient evidence. At the time, when their affairs were most desperate, none ever doubted their national credit: the parsimonious Queen of England, the cautious William of Orange, the mistrustful German princes never hesitated for a moment to advance them loans, or to trust to their honor for the payment. Pervading their political counsels this probity produced a spirit of mutual confidence, which bound together all ranks of men in an indissoluble tie. Thus a state, formed of the most heterogeneous parts, was united by the strong bond of mutual fidelity, which defied alike the assaults of force from without, and the undermining of intrigue from within.

From the effects of this virtue of integrity sprang another

which was not less characteristic of the Dutch, that of firmness. Never led astray by false rumors, or false opinions, they contemplated calmly and clearly the object they had in view,—security of person and property, and freedom of religion,—and employed with undeviating steadiness of purpose the means they thought calculated to attain it: they desired no more, they would be satisfied with no less; they never condemned a custom, which had been practiced by their forefathers, because it happened to be obsolete, nor refused obedience to a law because it was not framed according to the political doctrines of the day. The goal which they had determined to reach did not, therefore, change its position, as whim, ambition or circumstances dictated; in their deepest adversity, at their highest elevation of prosperity, it was still the same. They did not, if disappointed, relax their efforts, nor, when they were successful, did they experience any reaction: they did not, as often happens, in the bitterness of deceived hope, rush back to a condition worse than that they had left; but were content to find what they had sought, freedom and security,—in addition to which riches, honor and glory were granted to them.

Not the least among the moral causes, which led to the national aggrandizement of the Dutch may be found in the singular absence of selfishness and personality, observable in all ranks of men. In other cases it often appears as if the revolution was made for the man, here the man was made for the revolution: his individuality was lost in his nationality. The Dutchman was less a man than a Dutchman; himself and his country were identified; her glory was his glory, her wealth his wealth, her greatness his greatness. He looked upon his personal property, not as a possession to be made use of for his own advantage, but as a sacred trust to be administered for his country's benefit; in his country his hopes, his wishes and his pride were centered; in vain might titles, riches and dignities be heaped upon him;

if he were no longer the citizen of a free state he was, in his own eyes, a degraded and a dishonored man.

Nor do the Dutch appear in a less advantageous light as negotiators. Among the most able diplomatists and statesmen of Europe, the good and the wise of all nations award to Barneveldt the first place ; while the famous protest of William the Third, against the tyranny of the bigoted King of Spain, is held unsurpassed by anything of the kind ever offered to the consideration of the public.

Often in the annals of other nations, examples of bold and successful struggles for liberty, against the oppressor and the invader, have roused the sympathy and excited the admiration of mankind. Athens has had her Marathon, Sparta her Thermopylae, and Spain her Saragossa ; but it was left for Holland alone to present the spectacle of the continuance of such a struggle against power, wealth, discipline, numbers, in defiance almost of fate itself for a long series of years ; with resolution unwavering, with courage undaunted, with patience unwearied, she rejected, proudly and repeatedly, the solicitations for peace proffered by her mighty foe, and yielded to them at last only when she had, as it were, the destinies of that foe in her hands.

From her "place of pride" among the nations of Europe, Holland has indeed fallen ; but in the history of her fall may be read an useful, though melancholy lesson, to every free and commercial people, to be on the watch, lest they mistake the heat of party spirit for the zeal of patriotism ; and lest they seek for national wealth as the end, and not the means, of national greatness.

C. V. R.

IS NOVEL-READING INJURIOUS?

CHARLES KINGSLEY never said a truer thing than when he stigmatized as "that stale old calumny," the assertion, "that fictitious sorrows harden the heart to real ones."

That the reading of good novels is injurious we flatly deny; and that the argument commonly adduced against it is fallacious, we confidently assert, and proceed to attempt to demonstrate.

This argument is as follows: (It is embodied, you will observe, intellectual Reader, in the form of an illustration, in order, we presume, that its stern and rugged strength may be rendered more attractive by the encircling flowers of Rhetoric.) "Suppose a sturdy old Doctor, who has never read a novel in his life— and suppose a delicate young lady, addicted to novel-reading; and suppose, moreover, that both go to see a severe surgical operation performed; who will be the calmer, the cooler, the more collected, and the more useful?" This is all. We assure you, intellectual Reader aforesaid, that this is a real argument, one which we have often heard adduced, by different persons, and upon different occasions, and not concocted for the express purpose of refutation. Let us examine it a little.

The palpable answer to the closing interrogatory is, "the 'sturdy old Doctor,' of course, would be the more useful member of society, under the circumstances mentioned; but where is the precise application of the argument to the subject in hand?" "The application is self-evident," it is answered, "the Doctor has never read a novel; the young lady, it is admitted, is addicted to perusing that most deleterious class of works; consequently novel-reading is, without doubt, the cause of the inefficiency of the one, and non-novel-reading of the usefulness of the other." We may argue, in the same way: the Doctor wears pantaloons; the lady does not; therefore, it is palpable to the most imbecile mind, that, if you attire the most nervous, and delicate young

lady in masculine habiliments, she will instantly be possessed of iron nerve, and unflinching resolution, for the fact of his wearing the above mentioned article of dress, it irresistibly follows, is the cause of the man's superior firmness.

We will not fatigue our readers by pressing upon them the innumerable refutations of this argument, if we may so denominate it. It refutes itself. We will not, therefore, enlarge upon the fact, that the same event would occur if neither of the parties had ever looked at a novel, even indeed if the cases were reversed—the Doctor, and not the young lady being the novel-reader—; nor will we dwell upon what is, of course, evident to every one, namely: that the difference between them is owing, not to the course of miscellaneous reading which they may have pursued, but to the fact that the one is both physically stronger, and, moreover, more accustomed to such scenes than the other.

We almost owe our readers an apology for referring to anything so flimsy, but we assure them that it is the strongest argument we have ever heard on that side of the question. It is usually introduced somehow thus: "the reading of novels superinduces a morbid state of feeling, incapacitating the reader for proper sympathy with real distress." The question then arises, "how do you prove that?" when follows, invariably, the stupendous piece of argumentation set forth above.

It may be said, however that we have not stated the matter fairly—that the real argument, of which the above is merely an illustration, is as follows: by continued perusal of descriptions of scenes of fictitious distress, by long familiarity and sympathy with highly colored pictures of suppositious anguish, the feelings acquire a morbid sensibility, or are almost entirely deadened, and one of two things inevitably follows: either the mind becomes so sensitive that the contemplation of real misery renders it entirely unfit for effectual action, or else, being familiar with scenes more horrible than occur in the ordinary course of nature, it is unmoved by actual affliction. Stated thus, the argu-

ment appears to better advantage ; in fact, at first sight, seems almost plausible. Its fallacy, however, is easily shown.

It will be seen, at once, that both branches of the above alternative presuppose that scenes of fictitious distress *must*, of necessity be over-drawn. In the second it is plainly stated ; and in the first it is tacitly admitted, for familiarity with fictitious suffering would not make the mind any more sensitive than familiarity with real suffering, if the fiction were not more highly colored than the reality. This is sufficiently evident as it stands ; but it becomes still more so when we remember a fact which appears to be left out of view altogether by our opponents, namely : that good fiction is always veresimilar if not true ; that is to say, the good novelist always conveys the idea to the mind of the reader, that what he describes actually took place, that the events narrated are not imaginary, but authentic. This being the case, as will be, at once, admitted, it necessarily follows, that the effect produced on the mind by reading fiction differs, if at all, from that produced by reading an account of real events, in degree only, and not in kind. It plainly follows therefore that, if familiarity with scenes of imaginary suffering renders the mind either so sensitive that it cannot act effectually to relieve real distress, or so callous that is unable to sympathize with it, this result must be brought about by the over-coloring of the fictitious scenes, and not by the mere fact that they are fictitious. If fiction is injurious it must be stranger than truth.

Now what is the real state of the case—speaking always of the best kind of novels ? Do the best novelists describe scenes of suffering, whose parallel we cannot find in real life ? Is the amount of misery in this world of ours so small, that the sad events which they narrate, transcend reality so much as to be injurious in their effect upon the reader's mind ? We think not, And we think that an examination will show that we are correct. Let us enter slightly into particulars on this point.

The most pathetic scene, perhaps, in the whole range of fictitious literature, is the trial of Effie Deans, as described by Scott in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian;" especially at the crisis of the case, when Effie, with the terrible alternative of life or death before her, the decision depending on the answer of her sister; turns to her with that fearful and agonizing cry of expiring hope "Jeannie, Jeannie, save me, save me!" The youth, and beauty of the frail and erring prisoner, the silent and tearless agony of her heart-broken father, the fearful contest raging in her sister's breast between love and conscience, the tremendous consequences resting on her answer, the anxious expectancy of the sympathising ministers of the unrelenting law, all these combine to render this the most touching scene that novelist ever conceived. It is, in the fullest sense of the term, a highly colored fictitious picture.

Now we will not put the question as forcibly, as we might legitimately. We will not ask, does this scene exceed the limits of the possible? nor even does it exceed the probable? but to treat the subject in all possible fairness, we ask, does this scene, pathetic as it is, highly wrought as it is, transcend the actual? Does there not throng the mind, as we ask the question, a whole host of historical events, compared with which for terrible pathos, all this seems dull and tame? Who would compare this, beautiful and touching as it is, to the thrilling spectacle of the maid of Orleans going to the stake, in the pride of her youth and beauty, because she loved her country too well, and obeyed too truthfully her conscience? Or who would liken the sorrow of Effie Deans, fearful as it must have been, to the inexpressible agony of Jephthah's daughter, when she "bewailed her virginity on the mountains." And, if this fictitious scene fall so far short of the reality, in expressing the depth of human suffering, why is reading the description of it any more injurious to the mind than perusing the pages of history?

But it is needless to multiply examples. We have here per-

haps the most pathetic scene in fictitious literature. If familiarity with imaginary sorrows renders the heart unable to appreciate real ones, to read this scene were surely most injurious. But we have shown that, to be injurious, scenes of fictitious distress must be overdrawn. And we have shown that this, and *a fortio* i all other scenes in the literature of Fiction, do not exceed, nay, do not equal reality. The conclusion, which we are endeavoring to establish follows irresistibly.

But, it may be objected, we have only proved that familiarity with fictitious suffering is not more injurious than familiarity with real distress; may it not be that the latter is hurtful to the finer sensibilities of our nature? Does not familiarity breed contempt?

This were a strange objection for those to make who adduced the illustration with an examination of which we commenced this article. Are the Parisian Sisters of Charity so sensitive or so callous that they are not useful in cases of real distress? Was John Howard incapacitated for efficient action in cases of actual suffering because he was familiar with them? The answers to these questions are as palpable; indeed the right view on the whole point is so self-evident that we will not dwell upon it.

We think we may be justified, now, in saying that we have established the desired argument, namely: that scenes of fictitious sorrow, to be injurious must exceed reality; but scenes of fictitious sorrow, as portrayed by the best novelists, do not exceed reality; therefore they are not injurious.

Nor will it avail the sustainers of the contrary opinion to say, that the minor premiss has not been established, and that the whole argument proves only, that reading the trial of *Effic Deans* is not hurtful to the sensibilities. We mention that instance as an extreme case, and must appeal to our readers as to whether or not we were correct. If we were, what was deduced from that may be, by much more, inferred from other instances.

One more objection we would notice. It may be said that we have merely proved that familiarity with scenes of fictitious distress, is no more injurious than familiarity with *descriptions* of real suffering, and that therefore, the instances adduced of the Parisian Sisters of Charity, and John Howard were not in point. It may be furthermore said that although familiarity with actual sorrow is not injurious to the sensibilities, familiarity with descriptions of it is, that the imagination is more excited by a narration of the particulars of a horrible event, than by actually seeing it, and the well known fact may be adduced that, by continued reading of horrible scenes of bloodshed, and cruelty, as, for example, of robbers or inhuman persecutors, the sensibilities are injured, even although the events narrated be strictly true. And it may be inferred from all this, that although reading descriptions of fictitious distress may be no more injurious than reading descriptions of real sorrow, yet, nevertheless, this proves nothing; for the latter is injurious to the sensibilities, and, therefore, the former may be also.

This, at first, seems almost like a valid objection; but a very slight examination will suffice to show that it is not.

The reason why such descriptions are deleterious is, that they represent a greater degree of human suffering than is ordinarily met with. The mind, becoming habituated to scenes of such horror, naturally treats as unworthy of notice, the ordinary sorrows of humanity. But we presume the most rabid enemies of novel-reading, on the ground above mentioned, would not object to reading the history of France because it narrates the heroic life, and describes the heroic death of Jeanne d'Arc, or to perusing the Old Testament scriptures, because they contain the mournful episode of the death of Jephthah's daughter. If this be true, it naturally follows, from the relation established between these examples and the pathetic scenes described by our best novelists, that this objection has no weight against our argument.

The argument which we have just been discussing leads to conclusions which no one would uphold. Its advocates are therefore very inconsistent with themselves. We have heard those who had just been sustaining it with all the eloquence in their power, speak with critical appreciation of the beauty and the truthfulness of Shakespeare's plays, and the classic elegance of the Grecian drama. We have heard them, just after deprecating, as of an injurious tendency, the story of Effie Deans, or of little Emily, grow rapturous over the power displayed by Eschylus, in describing the tortures of Prometheus, sentimentally sad over the sorrows of Desdemona, and philosophically meditative over the mournful madness of Hamlet. Their inconsistency is manifest. If the one is injurious the other is more so. If fiction is so hurtful to the sensibilities, the Grecian drama should have been suffered to remain forever hidden beneath the dust of primeval ages, and the sweetest melodies of the Swan of Avon should have been his farewell song to the world, as he floated down the stream of Time to the ocean of Oblivion.

OSIRIS.

BY THE RIVER'S SIDE.

'Tis pleasant to sit at evening tide,
'Neath a shadowing tree by the river's side,
To watch the waves in their rippling flow,
Unceasingly moving, yet sad and slow ;
To see the shadows that silently creep,
As the sun descends in the west to sleep,
Shadows, that over the river that fall,
Of kings of the forest huge and tall,
To mark the joyous fishes leap,
And the birds o'er-head in circling sweep ,
While above and around the fire-flies come,
And lull us to sleep with their changeless hum.

* * * * *

Hark ! 'tis the sound of the sweet guitar,
O'er the moon-lit river stealing ;
Gently it thrills like an evening star,
That softly appears in its home afar,
Awakening tender feeling.
It calls up thoughts of the ones we love,
With its earnest plaintive ringing ;
It seems the song of the dying dove,
Or the angel quoir in the courts above,
Their Maker's praises singing.

Now the song is sad, and its music low ;
And grief round the heart is twining,
Each note is heard, as the zephyrs blow,
And the waves are lit by the silver glow,
Of the stars in beauty shining.

Now the singer's voice is scarcely heard,
The song with the breeze is blending,
Like the wild notes of the distant bird,
Or rustle of leaves which the wind hath stirred
Sweetness and melody lending.

* * * * *

Darkness has come ; and no longer now,
Do the waves move onward, sad and slow ;
For the Storm-King's breath has over them passed ;
His voice is heard in the shrieking blast,
His coursers in fury bound along,
Urged by the monarch's lashing thong.
His chariot wheels with thunders roar,
His glittering armor lights the shore,
For in fiery mail his form is dressed
And lurid lightnings guard his breast.

The trees of the forest loud chorus keep,
As mighty winds through their branches sweep ;
Bending, by unseen power oppressed,
And tossing their arms in wild unrest ;
While the clouds above in the murky sky,

At intervals seen, swift hurrying fly ;
Black with the wrath of an angry king,
Who o'er them has thrown his dusky wing,
Who moves them by his dreadful breath
And through them opens the path of death.

Amidst the roar and angry strife,
Of wind and wave with fury rife ;
Amidst the lightning's fearful gleam,
The howling blast, the eagle's scream,
There's beauty awful, grand, sublime
Unchanging in the flight of time ;
Beauty that fills the soul with dread
Yet o'er it doth sweet influence shed,
Restrains with deep impressive power,
And hides the dangers of the hour.
The storm has passed, and the silver light,
Of the lovely moon in glory bright,
Pierces the clouds that silently break,
As the stars from transient sleep awake:
The rain-drops dripping from the trees,
With music fall on the faded leaves ;
And the gentle wind to a whisper hushed,
That so lately in such wild fury rushed,
Sighs plaintively sweet, and melody brings,
As we fancy an angel sweeps the strings
Of his golden harp, whose trembling quiver
Enchants the soul, then flies forever.
Thus fleeting are all the joys of earth,
And grief goes hand in hand with mirth ;
Though beauty robes the starry sky,
'Tis beauty born alas to die.
All, all that's fair, shall soon decay,
Earth, sea and sky, must pass away ;
Death shall a bounteous harvest reap,
And leave no friends for friends to weep.

METEMPSYCHOSIS AND GERMAN RATIONALISM.

LIFE, considered in itself, presents a phenomenon more wonderful than all the mysteries of the universe. It comprehends not merely the mysterious principle that imparts vivifying energy to matter, but a union of spirit with that matter,—a blending of the human and divine in an unknown and secret manner. The union of soul with body, its limits, the manner in which it is accomplished, the causes which produced its rupture, are problems, which defy curiosity and searching philosophical analysis. "Know thyself," was the mandate of ancient philosophy: its fulfillment has been the grand aim of all modern thought; and yet, with the authority of the past urging him to obedience, the man of the present is as far from the possession of such self-knowledge as was the disciple of Pythagoras. In reality it is a command to which obedience cannot be rendered;—for it implies a knowledge not only of the mind, and its operations, but of the causes essential to the creation of mind. It presupposes an acquaintance with the soul, and a perception of spiritual as well as corporeal relations. What then is the soul? The question is most necessary to the inquiry: but here, at the very threshold of investigation, we are compelled to pause. We may indeed frame hypotheses,—hazard wild conjectures,—but we know nothing positively, or, indeed, with any tolerable degree of certainty. Thus the principle of our being, nay, our very entity itself is unknown, and we are compelled to confess our utter inability to comprehend our own natures.

Intellectual power, gigantic as its effects have been in clearing obstructions from the paths of science, loses its vigor when brought to the consideration of this mystery. It can ascend to the heavens with Galileo, and catch a glimpse of revolving worlds as, radiant in glory, they traverse the vast amphitheatre of the universe; it can meditate with Newton and grasp with comprehensive knowledge the grand force, which preserves the

harmony of those spheres, and with its unseen power controls all things material; it can with Guttemberg transmit the thought of one generation to another, and annihilate Time and Space with Morse; but it cannot pierce the living mystery of man's two-fold nature, or question the immortal spirit as to whence it comes or whither it goes. Unsubstantial theories are all that it has produced when the nature and phenomena of life were its subjects. We need but cast a hasty glance at the wild doctrines of earlier philosophic schools to be convinced that nothing of real philosophical worth has been evolved from these speculations. The wild and mystical spirit of an earlier age imbibed the doctrine of Pantheism, a theory which was the natural offspring of speculations on the infinite and unreal. As the result of uninspired speculation, no grander idea of an omnipotent agency could well have been conceived. The Pantheist made God all, and in all:—he pointed to the ceaseless tide of ocean, as wave after wave issued from, and returned to her abysmal depths, and bade man there behold an emblem of his God acting in, and permeating life. But this, and all subsequent attempts to theorize and speculate upon the mysteries of nature, have failed, and psychal nature, with all the concomitant mysteries of life remain unknown.

It was an idea worthy of truth as anciently conceived, that led the ancient philosophers to envelope their doctrines in the obscuring folds of a studious concealment; for it was the object of the ancient sages to overleap the restraining barriers of merely human wisdom, and grasp the *secrets* of nature; these they rightly thought, should not be profaned by an injudicious dissemination, but confided only to those whose minds were prepared for the reception of such knowledge. They said to the careless, the uninitiated, "*Procul profani*," and, in their own circle, discussed their doctrines and considered the results of their labors. Truth, as we now consider it, demands development; it is almost criminal to suppress it; since so much power, the in-

alienable right of humanity, is lost by the suppression; when once ascertained it is the common heritage of all. But truth in an earlier age was supposed to be the secrets of a spiritual, as well as material world; and it was finally thought that he who had attained all its mature fullness, would possess a second ladder like that seen of old by the Hebrew youth, by which he could ascend to God. Ancient philosophy, therefore, retired within itself, and hence we know but little of its ends, its methods, or its results. We are lost in a wilderness of proverbs and apothegmatic sayings, which excite without satisfying our curiosity. Here and there the faint light of modern erudition has cast a feeble ray, by which we catch a hasty glimpse of half formed theories, vague conceptions, and sometimes images of philosophic beauty; and then all light is lost and we grope, as before, in utter darkness. The student who treads the wandering paths of ancient metaphysics, is like some benighted traveler, who crouches amidst the ruins of an ancient temple, while the warring elements contested around him. Ever and anon the fitful lightning discloses a stately column, an archway, or a threshold; but the whole is never revealed, and an ensuing darkness envelopes everything in its impenetrable veil, rendering all more obscure from the momentary gleam.

Any effort to treat of ancient systems is painfully impeded by this cause; and in the attempt, we are about to make, of describing ancient mysticism, as developed in the school of Pythagoras, the difficulty is doubled, for a secrecy, unusual even in that day, was observed by the philosopher of Crotona and his disciples. Our design is to sketch briefly the outlines of the separate doctrines of Metempsychosis and German Rationalism, which we regard as the great ancient and modern representatives of mysticism. All speculation on psychological truth unaided by reason, and uncontrolled by the severe laws of inductive reasoning must necessarily lead to mysticism. With no certain data from which to start, with no ascertained limits within which to con-

fine its explorative labors, it will inevitably become erratic, wild, and vague. The mystic is as widely different from the philosopher in his character, and in the results at which he aims, as the voyageur seeking El Dorado, filled with delusive hopes, and animated by vague reports, is removed from the heroic man who first traversed the unknown ocean to plant the standard of European civilization on the shores of a new world. The one pursues an Eidolon—a chimera; the other goes to test the truth of an hypothesis carefully framed and wisely conceived. But while the dignity of philosophy demands that its sublime labors should not be confounded with the eccentric toils of speculative mysticism, the latter is not to be regarded as wholly worthless. The bold adventurers who went in pursuit of El Dorado found it not, but they traversed the ocean, explored unknown lands, endured dangers and casualties, always supported by their chimerical hopes, and proved that it was possible to wander forth upon the trackless waste of waters and return with life and in safety. They brought back with them much that was worthy of remembrance, and inspired with the necessary confidence their more timid countrymen. The mystic like the adventurer is baffled in his efforts; but others are rendered wiser by his labors; he enlarges the boundary of human thought, and animated by a bolder spirit, supported by more ardent feelings, he strives to realize that, which, though in itself unattainable, often suggests the means by which grand results are achieved. He is the pioneer of science, and though in himself but little able to effect any great or valuable result, he yet prepares the way for those, who, following in his track, use widely different methods for the attainment of feasible purposes. Mysticism must always precede scientific research and metaphysical enquiry, and is always the forerunner of severe inductions; the mind which has always acted on its intuitive knowledge naturally continues to be influenced by what it considers as intuitions, and it is only when experience has found that spiritual cognitions unaccompanied by

logical premises and reasoning are insufficient as means of examining nature, that it relinquishes speculation, and conducts its attempts at acquiring wisdom by the laws of induction. Mysticism differs from superstition widely, and has no more resemblance to it than the playful prattle of an infant is like the doting imbecility of childhood; in the former it is the evidence of dawning intelligence, the promise of future strength and intellectual activity; in the other a sad evidence of waning utility and decaying mental energy.

Mysticism, in the ancient world, is represented by a system occupying chronologically the exact position in which, according to this view, the culminating point of speculation would have been reached, viz: the dawn of that intellectual day which was destined to burst with such effulgent glory upon Greece. The doctrine of Metempsychosis was the fit offspring of a young and empirical philosophy, and is an admirable exponent of ancient thought, a representative idea of the philosophic schools prior to the time of Socrates, who, applying the test of reason to speculative theories, destroyed at once and forever in classic times all psychal system, which, with no certain data, deduced hypothetical conclusions concerning things themselves unknown. This doctrine, as transmitted to posterity, tells its own tale, and reveals more completely the thoughts and consciousness of the Pythagorean age than all the histories of philosophy that have ever been indited. It was asserted that the soul had but a temporary connection with the fleshy tabernacle in which it was placed, that when death occurred this union was dissolved, and the soul either immediately passed into some other body, or wandered in space until an opportunity occurred for its re-incarnation; when again embodied, it assumes human or bestial shape, as its former life had been more or less in accordance with holiness and purity. This occupation of carnal forms was supposed to continue until the soul, sufficiently purified by its migrations, could return to the God from whom it emanated.

Such is the brief outline of this celebrated system, that has graven itself upon the minds of men, been interwoven in poetry, legends and mythical tale, and which even now, after the lapse of so many centuries, finds some who in their hours of reverent love to speculate upon, if not to believe in its dogmas. Before however this or any other system can be appreciated it is necessary to glance at the era in which it originated: all ideas are representative, and, unless considered with their concomitant relations of time and comparative degree of civilization, are unintelligible and valueless. The era of Pythagoras was pre-eminently the epoch of speculation. The Greeks had acquired sufficient practical knowledge to allow them leisure to wonder what, and how things were. Hitherto the satisfaction of their physical wants had employed all their energies, and they were able to pay little attention to the mysteries of science, or to those profound psychal problems which most agitate the minds of men at the birth of philosophy. Every phenomena of the natural world must have been a source of wonder and awe, the parents of mysticism. Theories were at once formed to explain each new phenomena; a wide astronomy, a still wider natural philosophy, and a most extraordinary series of metaphysical hypotheses were the result. Democritus of Abdera taught that dreams were the shadowy, spectral figures that surrounded the earth, whose forms, invisible to fleshy vision, were clearly seen by the spirit when the body slumbered. Using this theory so characteristic of the age and its tendencies, we may aptly compare Greek philosophy in its youth to the dream as explained by Democritus—its thoughts, its theories were the result of crude and vague ideas incessantly agitating the minds of men and embodying themselves in the doctrines of the several philosophic schools.

It was not wonderful that in such an era men should seek to enter the penetralia of nature and strive to contemplate the spiritual rather than the material world, it was the natural process

of thought. An eminent living author speaks as follows : " If we examine the ways of an infant, we shall cease to wonder at those of an infant civilization. Long before we can engage the attention of the child in the History of England—long before he will listen with attention to our stories even of Cressy and Poitiers—and (*a fortiori*) long before he can be made to feel an interest in Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights, he will of his own accord question as of the phenomena of nature—inquire how he himself came into the world—delight to learn something of the God we teach him to adore, and find in the rainbow and the thunder, in the meteor and the star, a thousand objects of eager curiosity and reverent wonder. The *why* perpetually torments him—every child is born a philosopher. The child is the analogy of a people yet in childhood."

These remarks are most just, and the analogy can be traced in the use of philosophy in every land, for philosophy is purely mental, and when developed in an early age, reveals mind in its state of childish progress. It is then wholly imaginative ; like the infant it invests every object with glowing beauties, involving all with the drapery of fancy, and adorning everything with the bold and gorgeous arts of an undisciplined imagination. It speaks its first words in the impassioned tones of poetry, for prose is the language of reason and at this stage of mental development is unused ; thus we find that the precepts of early sages were not presented in logical formulas like the propositions of Descartes, but were expressed in the flowing measure of Hesiodic rhythm. Their theories, their teachings, all of them that have descended to posterity, seem to accord with this view. Philosophy, whether developed amidst the rich imagery and gorgeous creations of the Orient, whether gloomy and mystic among the groves and secret altars of the Druids, whether striving to obtain a higher moral life with Confucius, or wandering in the devious paths of speculation with the pre-Socratic schools, speak-

ing through myth or symbol, everywhere strove to render an explanation of the hidden mysteries of life. In a later day, when the second birth of civilization had given a new life to philosophy, the Astrologer questioning the stars to ascertain the result of human actions,—the Alchemist toiling amidst drugs and crucibles for the "Elixir vitae" and, "Philosopher's stone," are witnesses of the truth, that speculation on the great enigmas of nature are the natural subjects for an infant philosophy. The doctrine of Metempsychosis should not therefore, be regarded as the fruit of individual fancy, or as the product of an overwrought and extatic brain, but the natural and timeous offspring of the age, harmonizing with, and faithfully representing the range of metaphysical thought which characterized a philosophical era. It is chiefly from this association of time and place that intellectual system and events acquire their importance; if they are isolated from all their associations with the present, and connection with the past, they have little or no value; but if connected with their age and their relations to it duly ascertained, they are links in the great chain which connects the present with the past, and which joins the present and the future in a union pregnant with important consequences.

The Pythagorean doctrine of Metempsychosis represents more adequately than any other system, the range and character of the speculations that existed prior to the time of Socrates. It is further advanced intellectually than the rude speculations of Thales, which are more properly indications of the existence of a philosophic spirit, than its actual and active labors, while at the same time it is wholly unimbrued with that practical spirit, which however disguised, is the great characteristic of Socrates and his successors. It is the culminating point of abstract speculation, and is therefore, a fair representative of its character and excellences. Regarding the doctrine of Metempsychosis, and considering its nature, its tendency, and its objects, we might fairly infer, that the epoch in which it originated was an

era in mental development, indicating a new and more vigorous train of thought ; we would be justified in pronouncing the age poetic as well as imaginative in its tendencies ; we would be authorised in declaring that such a system was the offspring of a vigorous national mind just emerging from the influence of a mythical religion ; and we could predict for the people among whom it gathered proselytes and acquired influence, great intellectual glory, attained not only in the walks of metaphysical inquiry, but in poetry and art, and these inferences would be legitimate deductions from the doctrine considered simply in its general relations. It is the developed effort of earnest thought, visionary and vague indeed, but still vigorous and profound. There is still also the promise of a high artistic power, for there is a beauty and a grace, a spirit of immortality and profundity which are the elements of artistic excellence. A poetic spirit is also disclosed, for high art is the sister of poetry, and where artistic perception exists the poetic feeling must be present ; it is true indeed that the artist may not be a poet, nor the poet capable of creating an artistic masterpiece, but the potential faculty of the one is nevertheless consistent with the other. Beauty is the object sought, whether attained by matchless contour and material representation of ideal perfection, or by the subtle combination of words and thoughts in a sensuous and fascinating union.

All these deductions from the doctrines of *Metempsychosis*, are confirmed by history ; the future thus imagined is in all respects consonant with reality, and the history of Greece, from the days of Marathon, to the fall of Corinth, presents a glorious development of the intellectual power influenced by this idea of ancient mysticism. If we glance for a moment at the achievements of Greece, we behold what no other people have offered as historical trophies. Poetry in all its mature fullness—the Epic strains of Homer, the tragedies of Sophocles—art in all its perfection, now graced with Phidias, now elegant with Praxiteles

Philosophy in all its profundity, now purely ideal with Plato, now severely logical with Aristotle—eloquence bursting forth in bold tones, whose impassioned fervor thrills the soul of the modern reader—heroism that flinched not before the invader at Thermopylae and Salamis, are all the mighty testimonials of an intellectual spirit whose infant energies were vigorous enough to conceive the Doctrine of Metempsychosis. The doctrines of ancient philosophy are as a general rule unknown; what Thales taught or Anaxagoras believed are now matters of little curiosity or attention—but this one doctrine of the Philosopher of Crotona has survived the decay of years and has outlived all the other elements of his system. Why it should possess such an enduring influence upon the minds of men is easily shown. The visionary, and those wild speculations that occur in the mind as it wanders in the darkened crypts and hidden mysterious labyrinths of speculative mysticism have always possessed an irresistible fascination for the intellect—the mysterious always wields a potent charm to which the intellectual nature unconsciously submits. Of all the doctrines such speculations have evolved, that which teaches of the transmigration of the soul is at once the most mysterious, and in a proportional degree the most fascinating. The soul and its destiny are the most fascinating. The soul and its destiny are the most personal questions of philosophy, nay they are the grand questions of that religion to which philosophy itself is subordinate, and these are the problems which the doctrine of Metempsychosis proposes to solve. It treats of the soul in the present, and its condition in the future; it exhorts the mind to enter upon the contemplation of the vast eternity past in whose dim aisles and vistas it has wandered; it brings imagination to the aid of belief and rests solely upon psychal faith. In its comprehensive range are included all the phenomena of life, for it deals not only with the entity, but the causes that produce it and treats of all in philosophy that is personally interesting to man. It told him of

himself, taught him what he had been, and opened before him a panoramic view of what awaited him in the future—in a word it disclosed the progress of the soul and bade man see beyond the darkening vale of death. It was a system created in the dim twilight of dawning knowledge, when all is vague and indistinct, but it was the day spring of a dawn which was destined to attain a meridian splendor with Plato and the Academy.

Such was the mysticism of antiquity as represented by the system of Metempsychosis; it has undergone a second birth in modern times—created a new representative in the metaphysical world, and presents for our consideration the system of progression, or as it is more familiarly termed, Rationalism.

Germany is pre-eminently the land of abstract thought—this is its character. Every nation has some peculiar mental feature which individualizes and identifies its sons. This is not peculiar to nations; animals and even plants possess a generic type; the rose, whether red or white, variegated or with one pervading hue, odorous or scentless, is still the rose; thus with nations; as individuals they may differ materially in manners, in feeling, in personal character, but there is a national type which exists among all, stamping them with the insignia of a well defined nationality. The German and the Greek, are in many respects alike, but the similarity does not consist in the identity of their emotional natures. The Greek with all his energy was mercurial and fickle, easily excited, but calmed with equal facility; the German is not so readily aroused, but when once fully excited, possesses a temperament full of ardor, of enthusiasm, of deep and lasting energy. There was more intensity in the Greek—there is more of depth and earnestness in the German. But considered altogether in intellectual relations they possess in common many characteristic features, the same love and enthusiasm for art, the same varied and versatile power of genius, and the same passion for speculative inquiry eminently distin-

guish both nations. The German, is not indeed so sensitive or so critically fastidious as the Greek, but this arises from the difference of climate and the consequent diversity in emotional natures—their mental difference is best illustrated by the fact, that while the Ideal and the Actual, Aristotle and Plato found advocates in Greece, and actually originated distinct philosophical systems in the same city, Germany cultivates the ideal alone, and follows the teachings of Plato.

It is not astonishing therefore, that in Germany a system analogous to that of Metempsychosis should have been conceived and developed. German Rationalism is beyond all question the most remarkable offspring of modern mysticism. The doctrine is briefly this. There is, say its advocates, a ceaseless progression throughout the Universe, and this universe is an infinite series of worlds, all teeming with progressive life. Far away in the distant sphere, at the beginning of this infinite series, the principle of life is communicated to the lowest of all vital organisms, lives its brief space, and its material substance returns to the fructifying earth ; but the life that was blended with its tissue reanimates some higher order—this too dies, and again the vital principle changes its abode and again ascends ; thus by regular gradations it continues its progressive course till it attains the highest development of life in that sphere ; then this initiatory world is left forever, another opens before it, and again in a graduated series it exhausts the different phases of vitality, and seeks another and more elevated sphere of existence. By each successive change it gains a higher eminence, and so it advances through countless cycles towards perfection. Progression, ever and infinite, says the Rationalist, is the destiny of the soul ; through ages and through worlds, from an eternity past to an eternity in the future, the spirit moves onward in its advance towards perfection. Modern science has been brought to defend this doctrine, and startling analogies in the conformation of animals and men, have been adduced in the sup-

port of this theory. Like the system of Pythagoras it possesses all the fascination of speculative mystery, but at the same time it is supported by anatomical and psychological researches which give to its main elements, otherwise vague, an appearance of scientific truth ; it starts with the doctrine of Metempsychosis, and declares with it, that there is a transmigration of soul. The same idea underlies both systems; with both, life is more of a progression than a term of probation, but the modern doctrine is a broader and more extensive generalization ; for whereas the Pythagorean confined himself to our earth, the rationalist makes man a component part of the universe ; the former thought that the purified soul returned to the God from whom it emanated after an indefinite sojourn here, the latter maintains that the soul traverses every *gradation* of *universal* being, and after an infinite progression arrives at perfection, i.e. God. Rationalism has sought to ally itself with science, and therefore possesses greater and more sublime conceptions of nature than the theory of Metempsychosis. Of all human creations, it has more of sublimity, more of the purely intellectual ; no other human system looked behind the present state of the soul for a stage on which morality should act. The shining glories of the planetary and stellar systems were to the ancients little more than the sentinels of night, or if they engrossed their attention theologically, it was only in connection with some extravagant legend or mythical tale. It was not until Galileo, led by the surpassing grandeur of his philosophic conceptions, turned the inquiring glances of modern science upon these fiery eyes of night that all the grandeur of the universe, or all the power of God could be adequately conceived. It was not until man beheld world rising upon world, system upon system, all forming one grand harmony of the universe that *he felt God*. When first the astounding conception revealed itself to the mind of the astronomer, his senses must have failed at the contemplation of such infinity. Like the priestess at the shrine of the Delphian

God, wondering awe must have filled his inmost soul, and, like her trembling, he must have exclaimed ECCE DEUS—So there is a God! and from all that multitude of starry worlds as with sweet and solemn murmur they raise a choral hymn to the throne of Heaven, an echoing voice responded—*there is a God!* There is a grandeur in nature that is ineffable; we feel it as the warm tones of exquisite, descriptive poetry fall upon our senses; we acknowledge it as we gaze upon the landscape, now glowing with the peaceful beauties of fruitful harvest and verdant meadow, now sublime and picturesque amid rushing torrents and rugged mountains. The grandeur of Rationalism is not in the system itself, but is derived from the embodiment of the theory with the most sublime elements of the material universe. It represents the mysticism of the present, called into existence by the grand views presented by scientific discovery, so vast, so wonderful, and so much more sublime than had ever been conceived. The spirit, aroused and excited by what had already been accomplished, grew impatient of the slower movements of science, and projected itself into the world of mysticism. What the Pythagorean was in ancient days, the Rationalist is now; he discards the investigating methods of science, regrets her processes, and trusting to his psychal nature, strives to pierce the barrier of human progress.

We have thus cast a glance at Mysticism in its ancient and modern forms—and we have hastily reviewed the two great theories which it has evolved. Remarkable as monuments of intellectual integrity—important as testimonies of man's desire to explore nature even in her hidden depths, they will always survive, and though, erring in their assumed truths, subversive of revealed religion in their tendencies, they indicate a power in the spiritual nature to think, which, in energy and splendor of imagination, rivals if not surpasses the purely intellectual.

IRIS.

TO A MOSQUITO.

Little, airy, *hateful* thing
Of spite the incarnation !
How oft I've fumed to hear thee sing
While pausing on thy gauzy wing ;
And longed to stop with rapid spring
Thy dainty hesitation.

What car'st thou, when "balmy sleep,"
"Knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,"
What spell may o'er the senses creep ?
"Tis not," thou pipest, shrill nor deep,
"To bite or not, this human sheep,
But only—where?"

Oh, bloody-minded insect thou !
To leech and vampire-bat akin !
If true the Brahmin's creed—I trow
Some sanguinary ghost doth now,
Urge thee to aim at nose or brow,
Thy weapon thin.

Have at thee then,—oh, tiny foe !
Spur to the charge thy winged steed,
I'm sternly roused to deal a blow,
That well may lay the mite-y low ;
For thou or I, I'd have thee know
Must surely bleed.

In vain ! I turn, and twist, and sigh
And beat, with vengeful hands, the air—
Clutch at thee, as thou flittest by—
'Tis but anon to hear on high
Thy monitory trumpet nigh
Defiant—blare.

Bite on !—thou can'st then—atom dread !
Beneath the clothes, I quickly creep,
Hiding my sore, "diminished head,"
Knowing thou'rt biding near my bed
And, in revenge, not having fed,
"Hast murdered sleep."

A WORD ABOUT TAILORS.

CLOTEN—Show villain base,

Knowest thou not me by my clothes?

GUIDERIUS—No nor thy tailor rascal,

Who is thy grandfather? He made those clothes,

Which, as it seems, make thee."

CYMBELINE.

There is a passion for lengthy epitaphs which has increased with the growth of the age, and which showers of squibs from scribblers, and torrents of epigrams from wits have not been able to allay. The feeling is a noble one which prompts us to honor the dead. And this feeling is so universally experienced that there are few men who do not receive their merited quantum of praise, after they have ceased to be actors upon the stage of the present and have retired behind the curtain of the past. This rule, though broad in its application, has one memorable exception. We allude to a class of men called tailors. The tailor is confidently believed to be but a ninth of a man when alive, and a zero when dead. Did ever anybody see a tailor's epitaph beginning "*Hic jacet reverendus admodum*" etc., and proceeding to inform the passer-by that the occupant of that narrow house had, during his "brief span," turned off five hundred coats, one thousand pairs of pantaloons and waistcoats *ad infinitum*? Certainly not. You will probably find instead, a plain slab with simply J. Smith inscribed upon it in modest black letters. There is nothing about the simple tomb of the tailor, which is calculated to arrest the attention of the church-yard visitor. We care very little about what is inscribed upon his gravestone; our object is to convince the incredulous that the tailor is a unit—a man, who deserves a higher place in the public opinion than he now occupies. It is a popular error which has been adhered to in spite of all proof to the contrary that, because a man is a tailor therefore he is an inferior being.

Tradition, as far as we have been able to ascertain by extensive research, has given the tailor no reason to believe that his ancestors came over with Julius Caesar or William the Conqueror. And from feelings of pure friendship, we hope that his ancestral line did not take its rise in the Empire of the Ancient Greeks. For, if such has been the case, we have no doubt but that Old Democritus, of laughing memory, twisted his countenance into a sardonic grin when he happened to meet one of these ancestral grandfathers of the exciting race of coat-cutters; that Heraclitus that worthy weeping philosopher of antiquity, shed fountains of tears, because the poor cloth-cutter came within so small a fraction of being no man at all; and that Aristotle twitted him with some such sophistical syllogism as the following: "Whoever chooses a goose for his companion is a gander;

The tailor chooses a goose for his companion;

Therefore the tailor is a gander.

We might avert to the probability of his falling into the hands of Socrates, and being plied with questions by that very inquisitive gentlemen, until he was completely 'wound up.' But a calamity of such a nature, we are not prepared to contemplate with equanimity. As we have no reason, however, to believe that this unfortunate class of men existed at that remote period, in consequence thereof, we have every reason to believe that it escaped these heathenish persecutions. The tailor is a philosopher. He may be seen by the curious, upon almost any day of the week, except the Sabbath, seated *à la Turc* upon his 'board;' his pedal extremities tied by the contraction of the Sartorian muscle, in a gordian knot which would baffle the ingenuity of an Alexander to unravel, his whole contour bearing an intimate resemblance to an article of juvenile amusement, often found in the nursery, and vulgarly termed a "supple Jack," pondering, as he plies his needle and thread, abstruse questions in metaphysics, such as, whether truth be an innate principle of the human mind, whether promises are binding; or engaged in work-

ing out calculations in political economy, so far as that branch of science is applicable to his peculiar profession. He is not ambitious—does not care whether his tombstone is made of marble or boards. And if Dame Fortune but showers large quantities of “filthy lucre” upon him, he snaps his fingers sneeringly at the past, laughs derisively at the present, and whistles contemptuously at the future. The tailor is a benefactor. In this age of progress, few, we fear, halt to consider how much they owe (*not pecuniarily*) the tailor. You pride yourself upon your fine form and *distingué* appearance. But are you aware, young friend, that, deprived of that à la mode coat, and brilliant waistcoat, your *distingué* air is gone, and your appearance is that of a crane shorn of its down? Mr. Carlyle in his “Sartor Resartus” proves conclusively that clothes “have a psychological significance,” that they are profoundly expressive of character. The dignified bearing, kind expression, and polished manners assert the gentleman through the homeliest apparel. But the attire of a d’Orsay or a Brummel cannot hide the uncouth manners and vulgar language of the boor.

“ What tho’ in homely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a’ that ;
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,
A man’s a man for a’ that ;
For a’ that and a’ that,
Their tinsel show and a’ that ;
The honest man tho’ e’er soe poor,
Is king o’ men for a’ that.”

These lines of Mr. Burns contain a beauty and nobleness of sentiment which is universally admired and acknowledged. In the days of the good old Scotch, when men were valued more for their clear heads and warm hearts than for their handsome clothes and *recherche* manners, such a sentiment was appreciated as it should be. But we seriously doubt whether the cultivated taste of our *fast* country and enlightened age, would give it

unqualified approval. We are inclined to believe that anybody who possesses the boldness to enter into one of our fashionable assemblies, arrayed in a suit of "*hoddin gray*" will be then and there unanimously stigmatized as a "*coof*" of the most happy description. We would not have you believe that we insult our countrymen and humanity by asserting that dress in every case constitutes the gentleman. Far from it. But we all know that we meet men daily in our social circles, fashionable assemblies and public resorts, at the very sight of whom, we feel an instinctive impulse to quote the language in *which* there is more truth than poetry ;

" The soul of this man is in his clothes."

However, painful it may be to those poor fellows who have a decided aversion to neatness and taste in the arrangement of their apparel ; those who hate dress of any description and therefore accommodate themselves to as scanty a wardrobe as circumstances will permit, or to those who are pecuniarily incapacitated from possessing any other than a scanty wardrobe, the concession must be made by all parties that dress is of very great importance at the present day. Who has not learned from observation, perhaps from sad experience, how soon the eagle eye of the hotel waiter catches a glimpse of the well dressed man, resolves himself into a committee of the whole, appoints himself a special committee of one to give exclusive attention to the well dressed man in spite of the commands, threats, prayers, and imprecations of such a poor thread-bare wretch as you are.

How many have any desire to make a graceful salaam upon beholding the fustian pea-jacket, primeval breeches and cow hide boots of the day laborer ? Not many we opine. But our experience teaches us that the glittering suit of a good looking fellow who has just emerged from the shop of the fashionable tailor, has a strong tendency to cause the back to bend slightly and the hat to tip gracefully. And you, dear Exquisite, when arrayed in the beautiful paraphernalia of fashion, the execution

of which, has cost the poor tailor many weeks' labor of mathematical calculation of milling, measuring, cutting and sewing, do you conceive that you owe him nothing more after placing in his open palm the stipend previously agreed upon? You spend the hot days at Newport, meet the belle of the season; you promenade, ride, dance and flirt with her in order; you admire, like, love and adore her successively. You can't stand it long—very soon reach the climax; you cast yourself at her feet in adoration, and express in passionate terms your unalterable conviction that she is Cytherean Venus *incog.* and you desire to know if by a stretch of the imagination she cannot fancy that you are the Delphian Apollo in full dress; you offer your services for life, "for better and for worse;" and oh happiness! you are accepted. Now, bamboozled youth, do you suppose that she married you for yourself? We admit the possibility, but not the probability.* She married, not you, but your immaculate coat, your inimitable tie, and your remarkable waistcoat. And to whom do you owe your wife? Simply your tailor. He is absolutely necessary to us, also because most men will wear becoming apparel at any cost. And none but the tailor can supply them. We remember the pleasure we felt when we were a small boy, upon emerging from the larvae state of gowns, into the chrysalis state of boots and pants, and the inexpressible delight we experienced through our whole system, when we were permitted to pass from the chrysalis state of boots and pants into the full-blown youth with a long tail coat and hat to correspond; and reasoning thus by experience, we are led to conclude that almost all boys have similar feelings. Even the eccentric genius, who "wouldn't" have a coat to fit well under any circumstances, and orders the tailor "not to make his coat a good fit, if he does he won't have it," even he experiences an inward

*For accurate distinction between *possible* and *probable*, vide the amusing anecdote of "Ye dogge, and ye broade-axxe," as narrated by Sir Thomas Browne.

satisfaction when the coat arrives and proves to be a good fit. The tailor who is a philosopher, and has made human nature his study, is not at a loss how he shall manage such eccentric (?) fellows. The tailor is an artist. The genius and consummate skill of a Phidias or a Praxitiles are scarcely more clearly shown in eliciting grace, harmony and beauty, from the mass of shapeless marble, than that displayed by the tailor when employed in transforming a very seedy individual into a fashionable man. The change wrought in the personal appearance of the aforesaid seedy individual is wonderful—in fact almost passing belief. Unless he choose to make himself known, he passes incognito among his intimate friends and pot companions. And we have often wondered that he did not cast off his personal identity with the threadbare apparel, for to the eye of sense he has taken to himself a new body—as well as a new coat. If Pythagoras ever witnessed a similar metamorphosis, there is no reason to wonder that a gentleman possessing so splendid an imagination should immediately retire to his study, and there work out a theory of Metempsychosis. We are confident in our belief that without some such cause the theory of “transmigration of souls” could never have come into existence. A tailor in Mount Olympus would have saved Jupiter Tonans, much domestic unhappiness. His knowledge of cutting padding and sewing would have obviated the stern necessity, arising from young Vulcan’s deformity, which rendered his expulsion from the Court of Olympus imperative, and his subsequent apprenticeship to a neighboring Blacksmith advisable. We have seen it somewhere categorically asserted, that “worth makes the man;” and somewhere else, that “love makes the man;” but we trust you will yield assent to the proposition, that in some cases, “The tailor makes the man,” Q. E. D.

Grant, then, the tailor his due.

“Ingratus est, qui beneficium se accepisse negat, quod accepit.”

SOLITUDE.

WHEN the first mortal walked in Eden, it was said of him, "It is not good for man to be alone;" when Eve was added, it was not much better—and when the Devil came, and the scene began to wear the semblance of society, then Paradise became a perfect parody. It is good for man to be alone, alone by himself, in an empty room, and nobody with him. We may see from the above example, that had our first male parent been left alone, undisturbed and unribbed, where he was placed at the creation; had not the deceitful and alluring Eve been given to please his eyes; had the "father of lies" been suffered to rule in person his army of imps; we may see, we say, that if all these things had turned out as we have recorded above, Adam would not have eaten the apple, Eve would not have been there to tempt him, the serpents would have continued to go on a scent "heads up and tails down," that we would never have been born, and *a fortiori* would not have been obliged to bother our brains with a defense of solitude. Consequently we affirm with considerable dogmatism, that solitude is a good thing.

We proceed to a further elucidation and defense of the above proverb, by adducing several memorable historical facts tending thitherward.

Joseph was alone in his prison; so was Moses when his candle went out: Ajax was alone, when he showed his foolishness in "lamming" the sheep, and so was Poe when he went down into that whirlpool: The ghost of Hamlet's old gentleman thought he was alone, when his affectionate son hailed him, and desired to be informed whether he was

———"a spirit of health or a goblin damned;"

and so do we think now, but——there goes a bed-bug! It will readily be seen that many instances of historical fact could be mentioned as much to the point as the above; we will, however leave history and go to the devious paths of literature where

some few can be found. Homer, so far from being contented with solitude, used to have the gas always extinguished when he composed; Milton followed his example by having an handkerchief bound over his eyes when he wrote. Rabelais, in order to be completely and entirely alone, was accustomed to indite his humorous pieces in bed,* and we are now alone (the bed-bug having taken up his tent) "wrapt in the solitude of our own originality."

When we refer to solitude, we mean it to be, not the absence of all things, but the removal of what has a material substance, and a vital organic principle. We do not at all object to the company of spiritual advisers, and we here present a vindicatory article, composed when under the influence and overcome by the fascination of "the spirits."

"What mistress half so dear as mine
Half so well dressed, so pungent, flagrant,¹
Who can such attributes combine,
To charm the constant, fix the vagrant?
Who can display such varied arts,
To suit the taste of saint and sinner,
Who go so near to touch their hearts,
As thou, my darling, dainty dinner?"

"Still my breast owns a rival queen,
A bright eyed nymph, of sloping shoulders,
Whose ruddy cheeks and graceful mien,
Entrance the sense of all beholders.
Oh! when thy lips to mine are pressed
What transports titillate my throttle!
My love can find new life and zest,
In thee, and thee alone, my bottle!"

This love song, exhibiting a tenderness so touching, and an aesthetic elegance, combined with aspirations, so delicate and ethereal, furnishes proof, *a priori*, that it was indited in solitude, with no one near the author but his lady-love and his cigar.

*He would not have been alone, we think, if he had got into our bed.

There may be, and undoubtedly are, some times, and some circumstances, in which one would rather not be alone, e. g. in a free fight or on a desert island, but the idea that solitude is in all cases to be abhorred is perfectly untenable. Let us cling to our own theory, rather than suffer our minds to be polluted by the farcical exaggerations of our adversaries. If our own theory is delusive, we exclaim, "*malim cum Platone errare, quam cum aliis recte sentire.*"

Editor's Table.

I called my "chummie", and he came ;
How kind it was of him ;
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb.

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,
And, in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest)
"There'll be the devil to pay."
Snatch from an old song.

After a vacation of fourteen weeks, occasioned by the too precipitate application of caloric to our outer man, and a too rigid attention to the College canon, we drop quietly and with caution into our editorial chair, being at ease within, owing no man any debt, and thinking the best of the world in general. It may be thought by some that we owe an apology for the short delay in issuing our No. ; but we clearly inform such that their opinion is

erroneous ; at any rate we shall offer none, having not sufficient reliance in our powers of excuse, to hope that we would succeed in offering anything but an apology of [an apology. It now, however, makes its appearance, and thereby relieves us from having our ears saluted on every side with, "Oh Editor ! how is your Mag.?"

Some think that the life of an Editor is pleasant, and his situation very enviable. We would only wish that such could occupy our place for a short "space of period," feeling firmly convinced that by this method, the hallucination would leave the halls of the brain. Oh yes ! very pleasant ! More so ! Banjo sounding—bed bugs dancing—fellows shouting—ourselves grumbling—and, to enliven the programme and diversify the performance, there comes a knock at the door ; "Who's there ?" "The Devil." "What do you want ?" Then follows the agreeable reply "more copy !" We defy any mortal ordinary nerves to correct proof while *that banjo* is being thumbed. We have to resort to extraordinary and ingenious means to drive away the execrable sound ; we are at this moment, stopping our ears with both our hands, and holding up the "arm chair" with the other. The afore-said "arm chair" has no arms, is not covered with red velvet, (being cane-bottomed) and is supported upon three legs : concerning this admirable specimen of upholstery, we have come to the conclusion that it is "fearfully and wonderfully made ;" the fear of being let down when sitting thereon, pre-dominating largely over the wonder at its being able to stand at all. The music of the spheres is said to dwell around and vibrate over the head of an Editor. This statement, inasmuch as "Old Tar River" ears any approximation to planetary harmony, is perfectly correct, and follows, by induction from the eternal fitness of all things. Hoping that the illustrations we have adduced, have proved to those "some" that an editorship is extremely disagreeable, we will leave them, for a time, quoting to them the hackneyed proverb "Humare est errarum."

We have heard that a proposition is on foot to present us with a new hat ; and we hereby return our thanks to our friends for their kind solicitations in our welfare, even if the hat is not paid for ; however, if it is not too late, we would express the wish that the gift may be made of soft material, for then this testimonial of their goodness would be all felt. The other occupant of 28 West desires us to inform the College public that he would receive with pleasure and sincere thanks a copy of the Syllabus on Astronomy, or in its stead, a pair of new boots. There are several notes upon our pieces which it would be well to insert here. The reference in the piece headed "a word about tailors" to the anecdote of "ye dogge and ye broad axe" may be found upon

the 413th page of Sir Thomas Brown's "Religio Medici", and is there introduced to illustrate an interesting but puzzling experiment in canine anatomy.

In our piece on the Dutch, we omitted to notice an invention, which has proved our solace in many an hour of trouble, which has elevated us to the seventh heaven of delight, and which (far from being, as Mons. expresses it a mere sham) justly deserves to be compared with Aphrodite of old, in having been created from the froth of the sea. The Goddess was not more entrancing; the sentiment, of which she is the embodiment is not purer; and yet alas! they both end in smoke—sometimes! Some persons, especially those of the fair sex, profess to have a decided antipathy to smoking; to these we would say, condemn not a pipe before you have smoked one.

"Ego fungar vice cotis, actum

Reddere quae ferrum valet, exors ipse secandi!"

—We congratulate the members of College upon the recent formation of a Cricket Club in their midst. We have long thought that there was too much stress laid upon our mental and moral culture, (*perhaps*) at the expense of our physical developement; and we feel convinced that such an experiment will prove successful; although Mons. (who is looking over our shoulder) remarks, that the College authorities will probably put a stop to such a proceeding, as there is something *wicket* in it—(Mons. leaves, followed closely by a copy of the laws of the Marylebone Club, bound in calf.)—We learn that the subject of a uniform is upon the tapis, and we claim an editorial privilege of expressing our views upon the subject. Under the existing circumstances, we would strongly recommend a dress much worn by the Spaniards upon the continent, viz: a shirt-collar and a pair of spurs. That it would be an admirable protection against the cold weather, which will soon be here, is discernable in a moment, while the spurs would serve their part excellently in arresting the progress of the ball, and the shirt-collar would afford no impediment to that free movement of the limbs, which is so essential in a good player. Hoping that, as these remarks are not personal, and as this is a free country, everybody will consider themselves much aggrieved at this expression of our opinion, we will, for the benefit of all those "to whom it may concern," print a list of the recently elected officers of this club:

President,	- - - - -	ROBERT GALT,
Vice-President,	- - - - -	ROBERT TARLETON,
Secretary,	- - - - -	HUGH L. COLE.
Treasurer,	- - - - -	J. M. HART.

General Committee, { F. C. ZACHARIE,
 Jos. B. ROE,
 C. VAN RENSSELAER, JR.

The precise duty of the officers last mentioned is, of a somewhat homogeneous character, principally consisting in politely enforcing the rules of the club, when any interlopers are upon the ground, and in appropriating, as they see fit, the money in the treasury. During the present administration they have expended fifty dollars in purchasing tobacco and other delicacies of the season. N. B.—Any member of the club who disbelieves this statement, had best call at No. 6. West for a removal of his doubts and a supply of the articles.

Since our occupation in the editorial chair there has occurred a callithumpian serenade, one gaily denominated a "horn spree." In consequence of the large amount of breath expended in the blowing of these instruments, quite a number of those engaged in it, have injured their lungs to such an extent, that they have been obliged to relinquish their college studies. We learn, from hearsay, that a member of the detective police was that night arrayed in the disguise of Ulysses, when he sought Achilles in the court of Lycomedes; he put on a slouched hat, and took a horn, *in his hand!*

We see from our list of subscribers that there are some members of college, who do not take the Magazine. This should not be. The Magazine is a College affair entirely, and no student should refuse subscribing on any account. We have found, that, with one or two exceptions, the non-subscribers are renowned neither for their intellectual calibre, nor for their esthetic culture. Upon mature deliberation, we have decided not to make known their names, but merely to inform them that the Editors of this Magazine hold them in the utmost contempt, that they point inward fingers of scorn at them, and, if they were to call us to account for these remarks, we would, like the good Samaritan, pour oil on their wounds by quoting that hidden formula of Newton, "T. T. &c."

There's the "devil's" knock! Reader it is for the last time. The dessert is now before you. Ruminatè well on it, and then give the Editor his desert. Our work is done. We stick our "gray goose quill" behind our ear, and smiling upon you with our most benignant expression, we raise, with graceful courtesy, and with the hand which has been supporting the "chair," our hat from our editorial brow. The "chair" relieved from the support so necessary for its standing upright, recovers its natural horizontal position, and lets down with stunning effect.

THE EDITOR.

EXCHANGES.

Mississippi University Magazine, Philomathean Magazine, Waukesha, Wis., Amherst College Magazine, Georgia University Magazine, Beloit College Monthly, Wis., Knoxiana, Harvard Magazine, Keyon Collegian, University (of Va.) Literary Magazine, Vale Literary Magazine, Erskine Collegiate Recorder, (S. C.) Wabash Magazine, Ind., Williams Quarterly.

The Nassau Literary Magazine,

Is published by an Editorial Committee of the Senior Class of the College of New Jersey, every month during term time. Each number will contain forty-eight pages of original matter. Connected with it are two prizes of twenty-five dollars each, for the best original essay. None but subscribers are allowed to compete for this prize. Every essay must have a fictitious signature, with the real name enclosed in a sealed envelope. They will then be submitted to a committee selected from the Faculty, who will decide on their respective merits.

No subscriptions will be received for less than one year.

All communications must be addressed (through the Post Office,) post paid to the Editors of the "Nassau Literary Magazine," Princeton, New Jersey.

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EDITORS.

SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER,

NOVEMBER,

DECEMBER,

C. VAN RENSSLAER, JR., N. J.

CHARLES E. HART, N. J.

FRANKLIN F. WESTCOTT, N. J.

FRANCIS C. ZACHARIE, LA.

